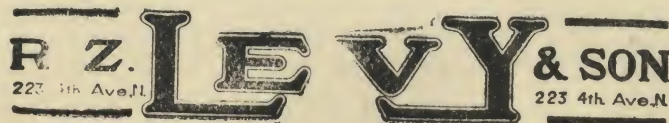


MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Montgomery

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ASK HERBERT JOHNSON

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The House in the Hollow

PHIL NORTON, the promising young dentist of Glenview, was caught in the worst downpour of rain that he had seen since coming to Glenview some two months back. But worse still, he was out on the Haunted House Road with his topless flivver broken down and night fast approaching. The Haunted House was the only available protection, since it was almost eight miles into town. Well, it might as well have been eight hundred, thought Phil, as he started down the road that led in the direction of the house. He was cold, wet, and tired from his efforts to get the Lizzie started, and cursed himself under his breath for ever starting out on a sightseeing trip in a wreck like that. As the house came into view Phil thought of all the wild tales that he had heard from the town gossips. Some said they had seen blue lights and heard clanking chains and unearthly screams, as if someone were being tortured or put to death. But all agreed that on numerous occasions they had seen a human face at the window. So the general theory was that the house was inhabited by devils or a crazy person.

All of these things he thought of as he came to the buggy road leading up to the house about a hundred feet from the main road. The house was the type built in Civil War days, being a two-story frame structure bolstered up in front by once stately white columns. The whole frame was covered

with ivy and shutters hung at odd angles from rusty hinges. The windows gaped down at him like empty eye sockets. Weeds and grass had grown up around the whole place, leaving a smell of decaying vegetation. The rain continued to pour down in steady sheets, setting Phil's teeth to chattering and causing him to shiver. Anything was better than this discomfort, thought Phil, and he made a determined start to the entrance of the house. The lightning flashed and he thought he saw a white face pressed against an upstairs window pane, but could not be sure because of the indistinct light. The cold drenching rain proved too much for Phil and he made a dash for the door, and turning the knob the door opened on squeaking hinges. Stepping into the hall he was conscious of a fierce cold draft blowing through the hall and making the door slam behind him.

There was an air of mustiness about the place. In the glare of the frequent flashes of lightning he saw that the walls had big cracks and the floor was littered with plaster and broken down chairs. Bats were flying about the ceiling. With the pieces of chairs Phil decided to build a fire for comfort and to keep him company until the rain stopped. Luckily he had a couple of dry matches, and with the remains of the chairs he soon had a big fire going in the fireplace. He sat down on the hearth to warm; outside he could hear the rain pouring down and the wind slamming the shutters. The lightning flashed and the thunder boomed. At that moment a horrible scream rang out, making the darkness shudder and ending in a horrible moan. Phil was nearly paralyzed and got up on shaking legs ready to fight or run as he saw fit. The sound had seemed to come from upstairs. Walking to the foot of the winding staircase he started to go up. The firelight cast flickering shadows on the wall and the steps creaked as he mounted them one by one. Reaching the head of the steps on the second floor it was pitch black. A bat flew against his cheek, causing him to jump as if shot. Again the horrible scream rang out as if warning him to turn back before it was too late. He

pressed his shoulder against the door and tried the knob of the door from which the sound had seemed to come, but it was locked. He got back against the other wall and ran against the door with all his might. The rusty hinges gave way and the door fell in, throwing him flat. As he jumped to his feet something seized him. Something was seeking his throat. He was in a wild panic, fighting with super-human strength. The Thing could not be shaken from its hold and he plunged out in the dark hall with it clinging to his back. He stumbled and fell down the rickety stairs; the aged stairs caved in, loosening the hold of the Thing that clung to him. He jumped to his feet, never pausing to look behind him. As he passed through the hall he saw that the fire from the fireplace was scattered by the wind about the room and flames were springing up between the ragged floors. He plunged out into the yard and ran up the road. As he reached a rise in the road he paused to look around. The whole hollow of the woods was now lighted by a dull red glare, and while he gazed a scream, louder and more terrible than any he had yet heard, quivered over the roar of the storm.

BILL HARDIN, '30.

A Real Pal



HIS won't be much of a story to you, but it was to me and Bill, and that's what counts, fer me and Bill wus good pals, we wus.

Well, it happened like this. One afternoon just about quitting time, and about the time the bridge wus being finished. See, we built the bridge. Why I say we is because me and Bill did the most important part of the work. Bill wus assistance engineer and I wus, well, you could say the handy man; I did anything a man could do around a working gang.

Well, any way, one of these here big cars drove up, a limozine is what you calls it, and out stepped two big business men. They wanted to see the bridge, so Bill showed them around with that courtesy of his. Bill wus a good

fellow; he didn't have much schoolin', he told me, but he worked hard and made good, and everybody liked him the more for it.

I noticed that Bill talked kinda funny to one of these men; it wus the big important fellow he talked funny to. When they got ready to leave they slapped Bill on the back and told him he had done wonderful work and that his parents should be proud of him. 'Course these ain't the words they used; they used these words you look up in a dictionary when you can't spell them. I saw a curious little smile on Bill's face when the man said Bill's parents should be proud of him. It was one of those smiles he wore when he whipped the head foreman for lying on him.

When these men pulled out in that big car Bill turned to me and said, "Did you see that big, important-looking person?" 'Course I said "yes," 'cause I had. Bill said, "That's my Dad, but he don't know I'm his son." I thought that sounded funny, but I wus afraid to ask any questions, because Bill wasn't in the right mood to answer questions and he wus telling all the workmen good night.

That night in our house—see, me and Bill wus good pals, we bunked together—he told me about his life. It seems he and his father didn't get along. They had some arguments, and Bill left home. Bill cried like a baby, but I better not hear any one else say that, because he is a sure enough man to be a boy. But Bill won't stay in one of these down-hearted moods long. He turned to me and said, "Go to sleep, old man, and fergit it. They are coming to take a picture of the bridge tomorrow. We will be in it, and we must get a good night's rest. When they took our pictures the first time there wasn't any bridge about, but there is now, and a good one, even if we did build it.

Well, the next morning when we went down to the bridge there stood Bill's papa. He was just about the happiest man in the world. He told Bill he had known where he was when he first saw Bill's picture in the paper. Well, they argued around for a while till Bill consented to be chief engineer for his father. His father was in the construc-

tion work, too. That was a mighty happy day; it was, I'll say.

No, Bill didn't leave his old pal behind; he took me with him. My biggest job now is telling bear tales to little Bill, Jr., and he is just like his daddy, too.

CORDELL LOUTHAN, '28.

Bozo Baxter, Tramp



HERE is an art in being a tramp. Anyone can start out tramping around the country and still not be a successful tramp. If he has no tact or experience in making a living by doing nothing he will most surely turn to robbing people, and a tramp who is dishonest will not be a successful tramp. He will most likely end up in jail. A successful tramp is one that lives successfully on the generosity of other people.

Such a person was Bozo Baxter, one of the most successful of successful tramps. He had a reputation and lived up to it. He never worked, yet he never gained anything through dishonesty.

One summer day as Bozo was tramping along the highway he met a small boy. Noticing that the boy had a bundle tied on the end of a stick, Bozo decided the boy had run away from home.

Bozo greeted him pleasantly.

"Howdy?" said the boy, suspiciously.

"Where are you going?" asked Bozo.

"None of your business," said the boy, impudently.

Bozo was not discouraged and continued to talk kindly to the boy. At last the boy's manner thawed out somewhat and he confided to Bozo that he had run away from home. He told Bozo his name, which was Johnnie Bowers.

Bozo decided to let the boy travel along with him. In his own mind he was trying to figure out a way to get Johnnie to go home of his own accord. He figured that after one night spent on the road the boy would be quite willing to go home to the luxuries which he would miss on the road. He

knew that if he tried to talk Johnnie into going home that the boy would become incensed and would run away and most likely fall in with bad companions. Bozo wanted to avoid this and save the boy from a calling to which there was no future.

"What do you think of camping here for the night?" asked Bozo.

"Sure thing," said Johnnie, who was very tired from his long hike.

All that their camp consisted of was a fire and a can in which they boiled coffee.

"Is this all you have to eat?" asked Johnnie, as he surveyed the half loaf of bread and the can of boiling coffee.

"That is all a man of my profession can afford to carry with him," said Bozo.

Johnnie ate his portion ravenously and he could not help but compare this meal with his warm supper at home. Then he pictured his mother with tear-stained eyes sitting at the table with his father trying to console his mother, though his face seemed drawn with worry as he tried to appear cheerful.

A lump came in Johnnie's throat, and he turned away so Bozo could not see his tears.

Bozo was watching, though, and knew that his battle was half won.

Sitting around the fire that night Bozo told Johnnie of some of his experiences. He told of how he was forced to tramping by the death of his mother and of the hardships he had endured.

"I wish I had a good home to go to," said Bozo, artfully.

But you get to see so much of the world traveling," said Johnnie.

"Yes, but I would swap it all for a home," said Bozo.

Thus they talked until about eleven o'clock, Bozo keeping the conversation always on a good warm home.

Johnnie tried to sleep, but it was too chilly. He thought of his warm bed at home and wished he was in it. This was the last straw. Johnnie decided to slip off as soon as Bozo

went to sleep, and go home. He thought Bozo would laugh at him for being a weakling, so he waited until Bozo was asleep, and then gathering his belongings he started home.

Bozo watched him start and there was rejoicing in his heart. He hated to see a boy go wrong and he was glad Johnnie had used his own initiative in going home.

Bozo went to sleep and had pleasant dreams, for his soul was at peace. He had done his daily good turn.

If all tramps were like Bozo then it would be an honorable calling indeed.

J. D. PATTON, '28.

A Practical Joke and Its Results

THE Omar Club had finally decided where they were going to their camp during the month of July, and Harry Grayson, being the best swimmer of the club, was given charge of the beach, and the orders were given for everybody to be at the station at nine o'clock sharp, where the truck and bus would be waiting for them with all the camp necessities.

About one o'clock they reached the camp site and after dinner had been cooked and eaten, the tents pitched and everything was in running order, the boys, hot and dirty from their work and the trip, insisted on going in swimming at once, although Grayson protested, saying that they were all too hot. Jimmy Finnegan, who had been one of the most insistent ones to go, entertained the other boys with some of his diving stunts.

Grayson, who was standing on the beach watching the boys, saw Jimmy float down stream, which was rather swift there. He at once dived into the water after him and succeeded in getting him to the shore with the help of some of the other boys, where they hurriedly commenced to resuscitate him. They had hardly commenced when he sat up and said with a grin, "Well, fellows, you were on the job, weren't you?"

All the boys knew what silly pranks Jimmy was fond of playing, but no one thought that he would ever be so foolish.

Grayson, worn out, almost scared out of his shoes, and indignant at the unnecessary fright, said, "Look here, friend, just another fool prank like that and you'll get kicked out." Jimmy, like the rest of the boys, dived into the water and the incident was soon forgotten as they enjoyed themselves.

Presently one of them remarked, "Where is Jimmy now?" Everybody looked around and one of the boys laughed and said, "I guess he is trying to fool us again, although I don't think he is that dumb." Then Grayson said, thoroughly disgusted, "Don't pay any attention to him, he'll come up when he finds that we are not going to fool with him." They waited a minute, and then as he didn't come up they began a search for him, going farther and farther down the stream.

"I'll bet he isn't in the water at all," gasped one of the boys as they gathered together to decide what to do. "He's slipped out and is hiding behind a bush somewhere."

"We'll try once more," returned Grayson, grimly, "he might have been carried further than we thought. The current's pretty strong, you know;" so they searched again and finally found him where he had been carried into the branches of a submerged tree where the river made a turn. They brought him out and worked with him, but the sun had sunk behind the trees and it was growing dark before he opened his eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked, faintly.

"The matter, Jimmy," said Grayson, "is that practical jokes are sometimes boomerangs and hit the fool who thinks them funny. You took cramps while trying to pull off another fool stunt. Now, I'm not taking any more chances with you; tomorrow as soon as you're able to start home we'll put you on the train at Carlton." And though Jimmy begged and promised no more pranks, Grayson refused to take his word and the next day found him on his way home.

KENNETH HUSSEY, '30.

Appearances Count

JAMES BENCHLEY was born in a small one-horse town about a day's ride from New York. When a boy he used to hang around the railroad yards and acquired a knack at swinging trains. Everything pointed to his being a brakeman until he went to New York to work. Starting in the printing business at the lowest salary on the payroll, he gradually worked his way up until he was the owner of one of the largest newspapers in New York.

After several years he became a millionaire. Although a millionaire in money, he was a hobo at heart. He had never left off his hobby of swinging freights, so every summer he would disappear for two weeks, no one knew where. During these two weeks Jim would let his whiskers grow, put on overalls and hobo about the country.

When James Benchley had left the home town the towns people soon forgot about him, but as he rose to fame and fortune the town immediately claimed him. The mayor wrote him a long letter begging him to honor the home town with a visit. But this was just the time of year that Jim usually laid aside his business worries and started his hoboing trips. Feeling that he could not slight this request, he replied to the letter saying he would arrive in two weeks, directly after his vacation.

That afternoon, telling no one of his intentions, he put on old clothes and walking to the railroad yards he swung a freight out of New York. During the next two weeks Jim had the time of his life—eating in "hobo jungles," sleeping in the open and occasionally riding a freight from town to town. He had completely lost track of time when one morning he woke to the fact that he had only two days to reach New York and prepare for his visit to the home town. Jim caught the first freight that came by and rode all day and night between the cars. When morning came the train stopped at a water tank about a

half mile from a little town and Jim stepped down to stretch himself. The brakeman saw Jim as he got off and when the train pulled out he wouldn't let him back on. Jim hoofed it on to his old home town, and as he entered he saw flags and banners and heard a brass band playing. Reading one of the banners he saw, "Welcome Home, James Benchley." So this was the home town. It had grown so that he didn't recognize it.

As this was about the time the train was due he walked down to the station. The band was playing and there was a large crowd standing around waiting for the train. Then the train pulled in. Everybody began to stand on tiptoes and climb boxes. A few passengers got off and the mail was unloaded. The people set up a yell, but no James Benchley climbed off the train.

Then Jim, forgetting how he looked with his dirty clothes and unshaven face, climbed up on a box and announced that he was James Benchley. Everyone turned around to look at him and then the mayor walked over.

"Are you Mr. James Benchley?"

"Yes," answered Jim.

The mayor turned around and winked at the crowd.

"Well, we have a car and a special place for you to stay in," said the mayor.

He took Jim by the arm, led him over to the car, helped him in, and whispered a few words in the chauffeur's ear. The chauffeur drove the car in a complete circle and stopped in front of the county jail across the street. Jim was locked up in spite of all he said.

That night Jim slipped out of the jail, it being a frail affair, and caught the next freight for New York. The mayor and the people have never yet understood why Jim Benchley, the successful journalist, did not show up at the home-coming.

BILL HARDIN, '30.



Sunday Afternoon

IT was a gloomy Sunday afternoon in late March when Jim Kenner was driving recklessly through the streets of Nashville. Today, one of the few days when he was given the use of the car, he had driven all afternoon without finding any of his friends. He had been to all of their homes but none were at home, so he had given up and was driving wherever chance led. He was in the most dismal mood, but it was not often that he felt this way, as he spent most of his time with a bunch of boys, at moving pictures, or with some baby-face.

But this afternoon was different; he would have gone home but he had read the papers and, besides that, some relatives were coming to visit and he had no desire to sit and talk with them all afternoon.

In his aimless wandering he had driven far from home; he was in a part of the city he had never been in before. It was nearly dusk as he drove down the streets of what was once the most aristocratic section of Nashville. On either side were magnificent homes. Each of these ancient houses had a tall iron fence around its tiny grass plot. In some of the yards were cast iron urns and benches, which were shaded by old boxwood trees and magnolias. The depressing atmosphere of an old deserted cemetery pervaded the whole place.

Jim looked at his watch—five-thirty—it was later than he thought, even now it would be a long time before he would get home. He turned the car around and was starting back the way he had come, when the car jerked, coughed and stopped entirely. He jumped out of the car and found that the gasoline tank registered empty. What would he do? He couldn't remember having seen a filling station anywhere near the place. He walked to the corner and looked in every direction to see if by any chance he might see a station, but he saw only the long rows of crumbling houses which gradually grew more miserable and finally ended in the fog which hung over the river.

There was only one thing left for him to do. He would have to go somewhere and telephone for some gasoline. He shuddered, drew his overcoat more closely about him, walked to one of the houses and rang the bell.

After what seemed hours he rang again. While waiting he noticed a large spray of white flowers was tied to one of the columns. Just then, however, he heard someone coming and the door was cautiously opened by a tall thin woman. She was alarmed at seeing Jim at the door, but she herself was enough to scare anyone. Her pale, anemic face seemed even more pallid because of the full black moire dress that she wore. Jim heard himself asking in a queer, unnatural voice, if he could use the telephone. The woman seemed surprised, but she said, "Very well, just follow me." The inside of the house was even more dismal than the outside. Dark portraits looked down on him from the high walls. But an even more ghastly sight met his eyes when they entered the parlor. The heavy curtains at the windows let but little light into this dim room. In the center of the room was a coffin. Jim trembled as he passed. The woman opened the door and let him into a dark hallway which was lighted by a single gas jet. In a few minutes he was calling the filling station. The sound of the man's voice at the other end of the line cheered him and he was nearly himself again. He turned to ask the woman the name of the street, but she was gone. He was horrified to see an ugly old man coming toward him. This creature was really the most horrible person he had ever seen. He wore a long black coat that nearly touched the floor; his hat was tall and wound about with crepe, evidently in mourning for the deceased who lay in the parlor.

This was too much for Jim. With one bound he was out of the hall, through the house and at the car again. He had only one chance. He opened his cigarette lighter, poured the contents into the gasoline tank, jumped in the car and was gone.

JESSE PHILLIPS, '30.

Triangle Triplets

THE three young gentlemen, to be more conservative I will say the three young men whom I wish to tell you about, proved to be hard propositions to understand. I was seated comfortably in an observation car of a through train, enjoying the scenery of the Western state through which we were passing, when to my surprise the train stopped at some little cattle station to allow these three problems to become passengers.

I understood by their conversation that they were headed for some Western area. I later discovered that any statement made by them would, more than likely, prove to be a theorem. Several times I took their statements as postulates, to avoid the trouble of argument. The features and expression of these triplets were very similar, in fact, they were similar in every respect except their height, this being strangely dissimilar. Being a geometry student their statures brought a picture of a triangle to my eyes, the tallest one being the hypotenuse, the smallest one the base, and the medium one forming the other side. If they had stood in a straight line according to height they would have formed stair steps, but this was contrary to their position, because they usually stood in a broken line.

In their conversations they were never equilateral and very seldom isosceles. Their argument proved to be circular, their radius of thought the same, and going around in the same path, but on the surface they seemed to be square and solid young men.

After causing much confusion in the car two of the three decided to seat themselves and take their ride easy. One threw himself diagonally across a chair, the other bending over in a semi-circle, the third, having more energy, was standing in a perpendicular line from the floor of the car. The one standing seemed to disapprove of the slouchy position of the other two; as usual this started an argument. I listened to this as long as possible, and having had some military training, I desired to express my

opinion on the proper way of sitting and standing. They seemed delighted to have me join them, the argument, in this case, was more the form of a square having the sides equal. The one standing and myself were parallel in thought. I stated every angle of my side with much determination and soon had them taking my statements as axioms.

All the while we were nearing the end of my journey and I became well pleased with my arguments because I had them congruent in thought on this subject. I also proved that a straight line of life was the shortest line to happiness. The train having stopped at my station, and I having proved thoroughly every point of the argument, I took leave by saying, "Q. E. D."

CORDELL LOUTHAN, '28.

DREAMS

Where do you think our dreams come from?	Why is it you cannot run faster When you know there is in- finite need,
Why should they always be So contorted and twisted with the queerest of things	Or why can't you call for your father to come,
And places you never do see?	Or pray for some one to take heed?
But when in your dreams you are wandering,	No, you stand an immovable statue,
You are sure you have been there before;	Though you quiver and shake in your shoes;
Though you find such a jumble of intricate things	And the joy that you find when you waken at last
And wonder how can there be more.	Is worth all the fear that you lose.

Donald Ellis, '29.



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Well, the old athletic train of basketball has pulled out once more, and rushing in to take its place comes that of baseball, blowing its whistle full force and rarin' to go.

Baseball is a great game. So we have heard throughout the dreary evenings of the past winter, gathered around the hearth fire listening to the "ole folks." How Casey fanned with the bases loaded and a home run was necessary to win the game; how grandad pitched the no-hit, no-run game that beat Yale for the inter-scholastic title, etc., *ad infinitum*. But getting down to brass tacks and all humor laid aside, baseball is really one of the greatest games of the world, and we should do our best to help it in maintaining its prominence in the athletic world.

Professionalism has done much for baseball, both detracting and adding to it. Before professionalism held sway over it, baseball was one of the major sports in which colleges strived against one another, and there was some color, too! But now, with professionalism out so far in front, some colleges have even considered dropping baseball entirely. To such an extent has college and "prep" school baseball degraded.

Still, there is one thing that can be said in favor of professional baseball, and that is, the brilliant performances afforded. And all the color and keen rivalry is not lost in any respect. Why, some people go to the parks every day and certainly do their share of rooting and pulling for the home team.

Gosh! we almost ran away from ourselves. Our purpose was not to debate on professionalism and its harmful effects, or "Is there any school spirit left when you leave?" but to try and impress you boys with the fact that you should, one and all, come out for baseball. Whether you are stars or boners, it makes no difference, everyone will receive a fair chance and, who knows, your may, at the end of the season, be the proud wearer of an M. B. A. baseball letter. Don't be afraid that you'll be laughed at; there is no such existing spirit at M. B. A., but one of aid, support and solace.

Baseball starts in a few days and has probably already started by the time you receive this issue. If you have not already gone out, be the first one today. Don't wait a minute! Go out with a firm resolution and determination to stick, and you're bound to succeed.

It is doubtful if M. B. A. will participate in the National Oratorical Contest this year. We sincerely regret this, but conditions in Tennessee newspaper circles are not at all friendly to this enterprise. Though flourishing in other states, and with probably more contestants this year than ever, this contest has been turned down by both Nashville and Chattanooga papers, and the Volunteer State

is simply not represented this year. There is a possibility of a student going in via Division X, where papers are judged without any opportunity of the candidate in speaking, but that is only a half test of an oration.

We think we shall wait for the old state-wide contests to begin again, which we hope will be soon, for they were worth while. Meanwhile we shall try to keep our wicks trimmed and our lamps burning.

The main topic of discussion in a student body is school spirit, that is, what they call school spirit; but I am not sure that any great number of them know what school spirit really is. The majority of school children think that going everywhere the team does, or trying to whip every one that says anything against your school, is school spirit. I don't mean to say that such things as that aren't right, for they are, but those aren't the most important things of our school life.

The place where we should show our school spirit is at school in our classes. It is our job to make the records honest and the grades high. It is the good work of the students and the good name of our school that really counts.

Some may not think so, but we go to school to get an education, and not merely to take part in athletics. You must be loyal to your teams, but just remember, it is an education you are after.

Many students either don't think about it at all or think it doesn't matter whether their school has a good name or standing in scholarship; but it surely does matter. If your school doesn't have a good standing your diploma isn't rated very high, and therefore won't admit you to any college which you may desire to enter.

You aren't only helping your school when you act in such a way as to be a credit to your school, but you are helping yourself as well. The best of luck to all! But your luck will improve if you do your best to do right by your studies.

WINGS

A phalanx form of flapping
wings
Stretched out across the sky,
As high before our wondering
gaze
The north-bound geese swept
by.

Their course lay 'gainst the ris-
ing wind,
Their heads held straight
ahead,
And like the flagship of a fleet
The haughty leader held.

We can but watch them as they
go,
They hold our raptured eyes;
As distance swallows up our
sight,
They pass into the skies.

Oh, wild birds, unrestrained and
free,
Your course held straight and
true,
Well may we watch your simple
grace
And shape our flight from
you.

Chas. Coggin, Jr., '28.

DOPE

Just look at me, a dirty wretch,
That hasn't got a home;
Around the streets, half starved
and cold,
I roam, and roam, and roam.

Now and then some kind old
man

Will give to me some money,
And then I buy a shot of dope
That tastes as sweet as honey.

O God, what a rotten curse
It can on man bestow,
It is like letting ugly death
Lead you where'er you go.

Just one pinch of this awful
drug
Will cause a man to lose
Everything he has made in life,
No more can he refuse.

Then look on me and look upon
The ones that are like me,
And shun the path that we have
trod,
And try a man to be.

James Sims, '30.

MUSES

What is it that clouds my being
As the clouds obscure the sky,
Lays its hand upon my spirit
Fills my brain with thoughts
that fly;

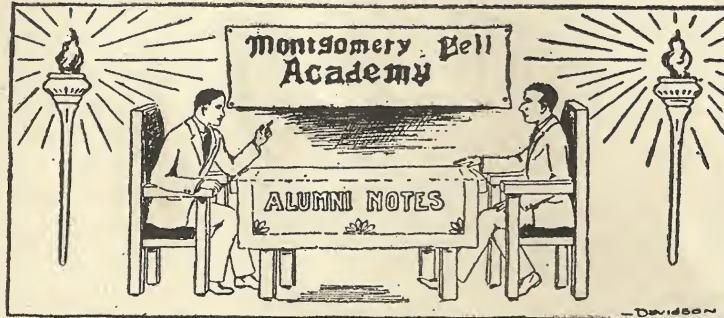
Takes me in its grip and holds
me,
Torturing my weary brain,
Fills my head with passive slum-
ber,
Thoughts that come to fly
again?

It seems my spirit is divided,
Tired I feel of nothing done;
Start a task with bright begin-
ning,
See it vanish in the sun.

Will this feeling long possess
me?
Tell me that 'twill pass away,
As the little stars at dawning
Fade into the brighter day.

Then each day shall have a pur-
pose
When o'er unrest I have won,
With each eve come this assur-
ance,
Something started, something
done.

Chas. Coggin, Jr., '28.



John Ball, '24, is a member of the Dartmouth swimming team.

* * *

Dick Skipwith, '25, is connected with the Mosley Motor Co., local distributors of Chryslers.

* * *

George Holle, '15, is book-keeper at the Gerst Bottling Works.

* * *

Maynard Eaton, '25, is traveling for a well established distributing company in Mississippi.

* * *

Vincent Murray, '24, is connected with the Octagon Soap Co., of this city.

* * *

Foster Jones, '26, is with the National Life & Accident Insurance Co.

* * *

Walter Wright, '26, one of our past baseball stars, is working for the Neuhooff Packing Co.

Ralph Morrissey, '23, is traveling for Harper Bros., of New York City.

* * *

Bernard Underwood, '20, is in the general insurance business in the Stahlman Building.

* * *

George Donnan, '18, is with Edw. Swaim Insurance Co., located in the Stahlman Building.

* * *

Julian Blair is dean of the department of physics at the University of Colorado.

* * *

Barton Jones, '23, is engaged in engineering work with the Gould Construction Co., of this city.

* * *

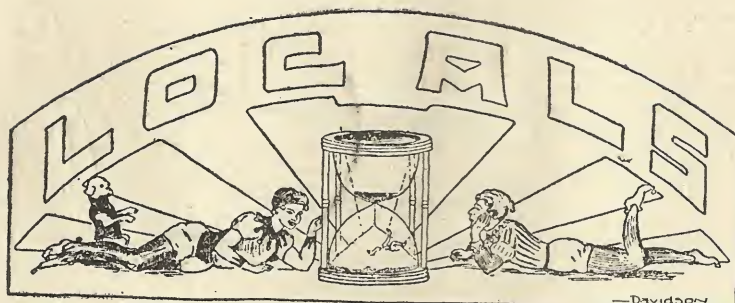
Buford Wilson, '17, has a very responsible position with Caldwell & Co., bond brokers of this city.

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in fitting the contract to the policyholder.

The Independent Life Insurance Company
Nashville, Tenn.



After having just finished a very successful season in basketball by winning the T. I. A. A. championship, we are ready to start baseball. The man who annually works on the baseball field and tennis courts has been out and gotten them in good condition.

* * *

Mrs. Ball (to English 5 class): "And now, my students, who was Samuel Johnson?"

Gardner: "The man who hated Chesterfield."

H. Allen: "They didn't have cigarettes in those days."

Gardner: "They did, Johnson wrote Chesterfield and said he didn't like the toast."

Mrs. Ball: "Stop this babble or someone will get a Lucky Strike."

* * *

Yesterday Puryear was getting on the front end of a street car, but the conductor said, "Back, please."

Puryear: "Back in? No, sir, you can't bug me."

* * *

Mr. Cherry: "Vaughn, did you bring an excuse for being absent yesterday?"

Vaughn: "Yes, sir, I had brain fever."

(Moral: A poor excuse is better than none.)

* * *

Worrall won the high scoring cup in the T. I. A. A. tournament, securing 45 points.

Goodman: "Myers, is your father a photographer?"

Myers: "No, why do you ask?"

Goodman: "Because you are so well developed."

* * *

A chicken in the coupe is worth two walking home.

* * *

The Radio Bug

A man who lives next door to me
Will sit up half the night
And fool with his old radio,
He does it just for spite.

He knows the neighbors cannot sleep

With all that screeching noise.
He's worse with this old pile of junk

Than babies with their toys.

He brags of how he got New York,

Or else Ontario;
And when he turns the darn thing on,

I go out to a show.

Some night right soon when I am tired,

And not a neighbor sleeps,
I'll turn the blame thing off myself,

And turn it off for keeps.

Bev. Young, '28.

* * *

"Did you ever hear of Helen of Troy?"

"No, but I know about the Sack of Rome."—Exchange.

Noble says he wishes to announce that the last time he thought he was thinking that he wasn't thinking at all—it was only imagination.

* * *

They say my girl is cross-eyed,
But I fully disagree,
It's just her roundabout way of
looking—

While making love to me.

* * *

Wanted—To know if Jordan
eats in a high chair at home?—
C. Miller.

Wanted—To know if Louthan
is standing up or sitting down?
—The "big fellows."

Wanted—To know if the
teachers are hard on you at de-
tention?—Ellis.

Wanted—To know if Thom-
ason is going to pitch again this
season?—The Outfielders.

Wanted—To know when R.
Allen is going to smile?—T. Joy.

Wanted—To know how many
students have two dollars for the
Bulletin?—Mr. Louthan.

Wanted—To know what has
become of the Hoo-Doo Club?—
A. T. Levine.

* * *

Spanish Teacher: "Let us
practice with "querer a". Trans-
late the sentence, I love my
brother."

Absent-minded Latin Student:
"Amo."

Spanish Teacher: "Very good.
I see you have been looking
ahead."

* * *

Louisville Lou, Mary Lou,
Water Lou.

* * *

Pearson won the high scores
in the Park tournament, getting
40 points in three games. If
Pearson keeps up the good work
M. B. A. will have a high scorer
for a long time.

* * *

Baseball today. Thomason
will pitch, Morton will catch and
the outfielders will chase the
balls.

Notice on bulletin board:
"Matriculation at 9 o'clock."

Vaughn to Goodman: "I be-
lieve I'll take that subject, it
doesn't sound so hard."

* * *

"Now doesn't that beat the
deuce," said the card shark as
he laid down the tres.

* * *

Patton says the reason he
doesn't smoke is because he is
afraid it will stunt his growth.

* * *

The Senior Ewing Literary
Society issued a challenge to the
Senior Clarks for an inter-soci-
ety debate. The Clarks accepted
the challenge and chose Charles
Coggin, Chet Miller and Harvey
Wells as their debaters, Manuel
Valaske as their reader, and
James Bass as declaimer.

The Ewings chose as their de-
baters Ned Thomason, Donald
Blair and Cordell Louthan. Neal
Owen was chosen as their reader
and Charles Vaughn as declaim-
er.

The question for debate was:
Resolved, that the U. S. should
reduce its high tariff with the
end in view free trade. The
Clarks chose the negative side
of the question and won the de-
bate in a very close decision,
with Charles Coggin and Harvey
Wells as the best speakers.

Neal Owen won the reading
from Manuel Valaske. Both of
these boys gave excellent read-
ings.

In the declamation, James
Bass won from Charles Vaughn,
giving the Clarks two out of
three of the events.

It was a very interesting meet-
ing and much enthusiasm was
shown by the contestants.

* * *

Love—the feeling that makes
a woman make a man make a
fool out of himself.—Exchange.

* * *

She was only a real estate
agent's daughter, but she knew
a lot.

A hundred years ago
The man was without fear,
He put the powder in his gun
And went forth to hunt the deer.

But now the times have changed
somewhat

From the days when the world
began,
The dear with powder on her
nose,
Goes forth to hunt the man.

* * *
One summer day a boy start-
ed to go swimming. His mother,
who was always afraid he would
get drowned, said to him as he
went out the door, "John, if you
go to that river and get drowned
I'll whip you."

* * *
Patton and Morton are going
to have a track team this year,
but they have not yet been able
to get a meet—for every school
says they are too large.

* * *
Albert Noble will now sing a
little song entitled Way Down
Yeast, by Fleishman East.

Just a Dream

"Play ball," said the Ump
As Jimmy McDunn took the
plate,
And with the first ball thrown
The pitcher met his fate.

The ball went high into the air
And the fielders started to
run,
But soon gave up in despair,
As it fell behind the sun.

"Gee, that was a crack,"
Said Jimmy McDunn,
And around the bases
He started to run.

"Get up, it's time to go to
school,"

He heard his daddy say.
"Oh, gosh! It must be April
fool,
Will my dream come true to-
day?"

C. Miller, '28.

"Cutting class, eh?"
"Yes, illegal holiday."—Ex-
change.

* * *

"It certainly pays to have a
son in college."

"What does?"

"Dad."

* * *

Generous Uncle: "Have you
got a dime bank, Willie?"

Wise Willie: "Nope, but I
got a bill fold."—Exchange.

* * *

A ceremony which we ob-
served after every game played
by M. B. A. or Castle Heights
in the tournament:

"Alphonse" Goodman: "Daw-
son, I want to congratulate you
on the fine game you played. It
was wonderful."

"Gaston" Dawson: "Permit
me, Goodman, to return you the
compliment. Yours was the
most brilliant exhibition of bas-
ketball I have ever seen."

* * *

Tom Hatfield, of City Park
tennis tourney fame in '27, will
have general charge of the
courts, the marshalling of the
forces, etc. Herb Brown, '27,
and Hatfield, '29, as will be re-
membered, were respectively the
champion and the runner-up in
the Parks.

Clippings

She was only a musician's
daughter, but she always topped
the scales.—Peabody Volunteer.

*

Little Scotch: "Father, Alfred
is all over his cold and has six
cough drops left."

Big Scotch: "You tell Alfred
to go out and get his feet wet."
—The Crestiad.

*

Mrs. Ball: "Name the three
political parties."

Vaughan: "Democratic, Re-
publican and Petting."—The
Owl.

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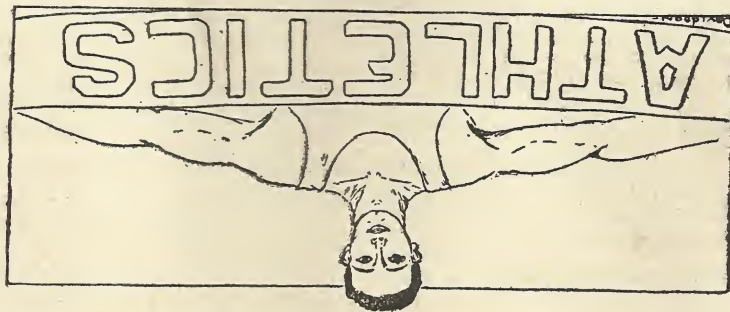
The Peabody Volunteer—Pea-
body Demonstration School,
Nashville, Tenn. Your editorials
and poetry are extremely good.
Your magazine is among the
best.
Maroon and White—Chatta-
nooga High School, Chattanooga,
Tenn. You have a very good
paper, but don't you think that
an Exchange Department would
help it. Your Christmas issue
was very interesting.
The Emory Wheel—Emory
University, Atlanta, Ga.
The Purple Panther—Nash-
ville Catholic High School, Nash-
ville, Tenn. You have a very
good paper but we think a few
jokes would improve it.

Wallace World—Wallace Uni-
versity School, Nashville, Tenn.
Your magazine is exceptionally
well arranged.
The Purple and White—Bran-
ham and Hughes Military Acad-
emy, Springhill, Tenn. We are
very glad to be on your ex-
change list. You have an inter-
esting paper.
The Owl—Hurlock, Md. We
enjoy reading your paper very
much.
Side Lines—Middle Tennessee
State Teachers' College, Mur-
freesboro, Tenn.
Wood-Lite—Woodbury High
School, Woodbury, Tenn. You
have a well balanced paper.

EXCHANGES

"Do your folks live in Chi-
cago?"
"Don't know. I haven't seen
the papers today." — Emory
Wheel.
Elmer, thirteen, was puzzled
over the girl problem and dis-
cussed it with his pal, Emerson.
"I've walked to school with her
three times," he told Emerson,
"and carried her books. I
bought her ice cream sodas twice.
Now, do you think I ought to
kiss her?"
"Now, you don't need to,"
Emerson decided after a mo-
ment's thought, "you've done
enough for that girl already." —
The Owl.

Prof. Larmore—"You haven't
learned very much in this class
have you, Charlie?"
Charlie—"I admire you for
your broadmindedness in taking
the blame like that professor."
—Colgate Banner.
* * *
Dean (to Frosh): "Do you
know whom I am?"
Frosh (helpfully): "No, I
don't, but if you can remember
your address, I'll take you
home." — Queen's University
Journal.
* * *
"Used to be that two was com-
pany and three a crowd. Now-
adays two is company and three
is a witness." — Wisconsin Cardi-
nal.



M. B. A., 24; Cathedral High, 20

In a game that was chock full of excitement from the opening whistle on, the Maroons passed and flipped their way to a 24 to 20 victory over the Fighting Irish in one of the biggest prep battles of the season.

The game was featured by the defensive play of Thomson and Worrell for M. B. A., and the goal-shooting of Beehan for Cathedral. The former pair allowed but six field goals to be cashed during the whole game and Beehan led in scoring for the night with 13 points.

Captains Goodman and Clunan played excellent ball, as did Young and McAlpine for M. B. A. The line-up:

M. B. A.	Cathedral
Goodman	F.
Young	F.
McAlpine	C.
Worrell	G.
Thomson	G.
Substitutions:	M. B. A., Myers; Irish, Burke.

Hampshire, 32; M. B. A., 37

The Maroons' passing and team work was too much for the Maury County champs, M. B. A. winning 37-32 in a game which was very fast. Offensive play featured the first half, while the final period was featured by great defensive play by both teams. Goodman, of M. B. A., and Thompson, of Hampshire, tied for high scoring honors with 13 points each.

As a whole both teams played well.

M. B. A. (37)		Hampshire (32)
Goodman (C.)	F.	Thompson
Young	F.	Brown
McAlpine	C.	W. Akin
Worrall	G.	T. Akin
Thomason	G.	Lovell

Substitutions: M. B. A., Hardin, Myers; Hampshire, Patten.

M. B. A., 39; Decherd Hi, 15

On a two-day trip M. B. A. defeated Decherd Hi by a decisive margin, 39 to 15. M. B. A. outclassed the locals in every department.

The goal-shooting of Worrall and Goodman was outstanding.

M. B. A.'s fancy defense kept the Decherd forwards in the middle of the floor with few chances to shoot.

Smith and Robinson were outstanding for the Decherd five.

M. B. A.		Decherd Hi
Goodman (C.)	F.	Smith
Young	F.	Robinson
McAlpine	C.	Kinningham
Worrall	G.	M. M. Hoback
Thomason	G.	Nicholson

M. B. A., 23; Notre Dame, 28

After winning from Decherd Hi on January 28, M. B. A. journeyed to Chattanooga the following night to be beaten by Notre Dame, 28 to 23. The game was very rough and was marred by many fouls.

During the first half M. B. A. completely outclassed the strong Irish team. Not once during this half did the Chattanooga team get a crisp shot. Although M. B. A. was leading 10-6 at the half, they should have been leading by a much larger score, as they blew numerous easy shots.

In the second half, however, the Irish made the worm turn to M. B. A.'s disadvantage, and with the brilliant

Wilcox making three rail shots from all angles, forged ahead of the Maroons. They managed to stay ahead.

M. B. A. (23)		Notre Dame (28)	
Young (8)	F.	Wilcox (8)	
Goodman (6)	F.	Conroy (10)	
McAlpine (2)	C.	Kutch	
Worrall (6)	G.	Jones (10)	
Myers (1)	G.	Lauter	

M. B. A., 41; David Lipscomb, 5

In this game the M. B. A. hoopmen were right, displaying a brand of basketball which they had not shown before. Only a few shots were missed and their defense was of the highest calibre, which fact is well proven by the score. David Lipscomb was handicapped by the large court of the M. B. A. gymnasium, being accustomed to a much smaller one.

McAlpine led the scoring with 22 points, followed by Worrall, who collected 12. Young played a good floor game, while Thomason and Myers showed good work at the guard berths. Every member of the M. B. A. squad participated in the game. The line-up follows:

M. B. A.		David Lipscomb	
Worrall (12)	F.	Todd	
Young (5)	F.	Jordan (1)	
McAlpine (C.) (22)	C.	Dunn	
Thomason (2)	G.	Burton (2)	
Myers	G.	Billingsley	

Substitutions: M. B. A., Bass, Hardin, Sneed; David Lipscomb, McKee (2), Smith. Referee, Chin Johnson.

M. B. A., 38; Hume-Fogg, 31

Over their ancient Hume-Fogg rivals, M. B. A. scored a 38 to 31 victory in a game which was closely contested in the first and last quarters. M. B. A. was without the services of their stalwart captain, Hugh Goodman, who was forced out on account of having been in school eight semesters.

Melvin Simpson, of Hume-Fogg, elongated guard, led the scoring of the fracas with 15 points, closely followed by Carrier, his teammate, who flipped in 14 points. Worrall and McAlpine, of M. B. A., were next with 11 and 10 points respectively. The lineup follows:

M. B. A.	Hume-Fogg
Worrall (11) ----- F.	Edward
Young (7) ----- F.	P. Simpson (2)
McAlpine (C.) (10) ----- C.	Carrier (14)
Thomason (6) ----- C.	M. Simpson (15)
Myers (4) ----- G.	Handley

Substitutions: M. B. A., Bass, Hardin, Sneed; Hume Fogg, Whitfield, Lowenheim.

M. B. A. vs. Castle Heights

M. B. A. lost its last game before the tournament to the Cadets.

M. B. A. started off in a rush and collected six points before Castle Heights registered a point. But by the fine work of Dawson and Haley they tied the score. The score see-sawed many times during the first half, which ended with only one point separating the two teams.

Heights began the second half with a great offensive drive which netted them enough points to score a victory.

Worrall was the star for M. B. A., while the whole Heights team was impressive.

M. B. A.	Castle Heights
Worrall -----	T. Martin
Young -----	J. Martin
McAlpine (c) -----	Dawson (c)
Thomason -----	Haley
Sneed -----	Green

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